

# Girls Like Flowers

by WhatsInAName99

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Summary: Roses are red; violets are blue. I'm a bit depressed and you look likeâ€¦you're going to swing that ax at me, aren't you? Here on Berk we have a lot of traditions, and being romantic is defiantly not one of them. Except one day a year two months before Thawfestâ€¦  
Pre-canon, Hiccup First Person Narrative

## 1. No Boy Has Ever Impressed Astrid

This is a combination Throwback Thor's-Day and Valhallentines Day project for the group HTTYD-fanarts on DA.

\* \* \*

><p>This is Berk, and my name's Hiccup. Yeah, yeah, I know. No one with a name like that is ever getting a girlfriend unless they kick some serious dragon tail. I'm still just a kid, though. At ten years old I've still got my whole life ahead of me. Or at least I'd like to think so.<p>

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. The island of Berk, home to the most charming, lovable, chivalrousâ€¦oooookay, I can't even finish that sentence with my breakfast still contained. They don't call us the Harry Hooligans for nothing, you know. We're Vikings after all; not exactly known for our good graces.

But one day a year, things change. Exactly two months before our annual Thawfest games, every man and boy in the village melts the frozen earth with the warmth of his love for the special women in his life. Weather it's for his wife, his girlfriend, or the pretty girl he's been admiring from afar, every man's a gentleman. All the boys about my age who are too young to have girlfriends but are too old to NOT have girlfriends try to find one on this day. We'll ask out our best friend's sister or our sister's best friend and when that doesn't work, well, we'll just have to rely on our charming Viking demeanor to win the heart of some lady fair.

This holiday leaves me at a slight disadvantage. I don't have a best friend or a sister, so I'm kind of on my own. You would think that being the son of the chief would give me a point boost. Status and breeding, right? Wrong. My father may be Stoick the Vast, the most famous chief in the Barbaric Archipelago, but I'm still Hiccup. Hiccup the Useless. Hiccup the scrawny, lanky, clumsy, sarcastic sorry excuse for a Viking with a big nose and crooked teeth. As for breeding, well again I may be the son of a famous chief, but I look like the love child of a fishbone and an empty burlap bag.

I don't think any of the other boys my age will be having much luck this year either, though. And it's not that Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Tuffnut aren't the strong, Viking-like types the girls of Berk want. Oh no. They are defiantly Viking enough to get most any girl. Notice that I said MOST. There's one girl, the toughest, prettiest girl on Berk, who everyone is going after this year. She never accepts flowers, never holds hands, and never chooses a boyfriend.

No boy has ever impressed Astrid Hofferson.

That's why I'm going to be the first.

\* \* \*

><p>TBC<p>

## 2. This is Why The Lumberyard is Off Limits

I think the problem with giving flowers to Astrid, or any girl for that matter, is that everyone goes for the tiny white flowers that are always the first things to grow before all the snow starts to melt. They're beautiful little blossoms, they really are. But they stink. They stink like the town square on boot night and I think it's downright insulting for any boy to give any girl flowers that smell like month-old foot sweat.

That's why I stayed up all night last night making a flower for Astrid. Yes I said MAKING a flower. It's not the most beautiful piece of art ever created, but it won't die overnight and it doesn't smell like feet. I've been planning this for a while now. Last week I spent an entire day scrubbing down every inch of trader Johann's ship as payment for the bright red fabric I used for the pedals. The stem is old copper, so that saved me the trouble of painting it green.

I'm on my way to her house now. It's early enough in the morning that she probably won't have boys beating a path to her door just yet, but not TOO early. Everyone should be awake. I'm extremely nervous, but Astrid's Uncle Finn is the only person on Berk besides my dad and Gobber of course who doesn't hate me. Astrid lives with her uncle because her parents both died when she was little, too little to remember them even. Maybe that's something we can connect on sense my mom died when I was little. If I can just get her to talk to meâ€¦|

Uh, oh. There's Snotlout, my biggest competition. He's several houses away, but I can hear him talking to his dad.

"Bye, Dad. I'm on my way to ask Astrid out."

No. Not Snotlout. Anyone but Snotlout Jorgensen!

Now I'm watching him walk down the street and realize that he and I both have to go in a winding half-circle to get to her house. Luckily for me, I know a shortcut thru the lumberyard. It's of limits to children because ofâ€|oh I'm sure I'll be fine.

I'm running as fast as I can now thru the lumberyard to beat Snotlout to Astrid's house, holding on to this flower like my life depends on it. I can hear this strange chirping sound behind me. Do I even want to know what's following me? Probably not but you know me, I'm a gluten for punishment. So I look behind me andâ€|yep. I was right.

Terrible Terrors.

Dozens of them.

THIS is why the lumberyard is of limits to kids! Terrible Terrors love to hide here. One Terror by it self isn't that dangerous, just a pest really. But get them in flocksâ€|I've heard some stories about what they've done to peopleâ€|yeah, you wouldn't be able to keep your breakfast contained.

"Thor almighty, please help me!" I scream and run even faster. And it's not that I don't have faith in Thor, but sometimes, live people are faster than gods. So I scream again. "SOMEBODY HELP ME!"

As fast as I'm running and as much attention as I'm not paying to where I'm stepping I'm surprised I haven't tripped and fallen onâ€|

Aaaand I spoke too soon.

### 3. I Don't Think I'd Taste Very Good

I'm not sure what I'm more afraid of getting shredded, my limbs or my flower. A dragon-fighting scar might be a badge of honor around here, but that flower is my one and only chance at impressing Astrid and getting a date tonight. It flew out of my hands when I fell and I don't see it. All I can see is Terrors surrounding me on all sides. They lookâ€|I can't quite put my finger on it. Angry? Hungry? No, I defiantly liked angry better.

Maybe if a layâ€|

Perfectly.

Still.

And.

Don't.

Move...?

Okay. It seems to be working. I'm not moving a single muscle in my body and they're just standing around me in a circle staring and

growling at me. I want to call for help again, but I'm too afraid that if I spook these little guys they'll make breakfast out of me. And on that note, I don't know what possesses me to do such a crazy thing, but I start talking to them. Slowly, quietly, and gently.

"Umâ€¦guys? I, ah, I don't think I'd taste very good. I'm kinda, wellâ€¦kinda scrawny and bonyâ€¦not much of a meal, you know?"

They're still not moving. Which is good because that means they're not eating me. It's also bad because that means they're not leaving, either.

"Look guys, I'm running late for something, so if you could just, you know, umâ€¦back up and let me leave, I promise I will never bother you again."

I think this might actually be starting to work! Some of them look like they're calming down a little. Maybe if they don't think I'm dangerous they won't kill me. Who knew being a "hiccup" could ever come in handy?

"You see, there's this girl. Her name's Astrid. I really, and I mean REALLY like her, and I want to ask her out. Buuuuuut, there's a problem. There's this kid named Snotlout who also likes Astrid. He's on his way to her house now and if he makes it there before I do then HE'LL be the one to ask her first and I can't risk her saying yes. I even made her this flower thatâ€¦"

Where IS my flower? Without turning my head I glance around trying to find it. Then I see it out of the corner of my eye. It's dirty and ripped, but it's still mostly intact. It's also underneath a Terrible Terror.

I look the dragon in the eyes and I can't believe myself but now I'm actually moving. I reach out my hand slowly towards the little guy. "Hey Bud, umâ€¦can I have that back? I worked really hard on-"

That's when it snaps at me and almost takes my fingers off. I pull my hand back quicklyâ€¦a little too quickly because now they're all startled. They all jump at me at once. I jump up and take off running again so fast that I must have been given lightning from Thor himself. I know I'm leaving my flower behind, but what good is getting a girlfriend if I'm not alive to date her?

I'm not going to make the same mistake twice, so now I'm actually watching where I'm stepping. I can see the gate to the lumberyard now, and people can see me running from a flock of hungry dragons. They're all just standing there with their eyes wide and their jaws on the ground. I think some of them are even laughing at me. Gee, thanks for all the help, guys. I appreciate it.

"Will someone with a weapon please come make sure I don't die?!"

Don't everyone rush over at once now.

"What in Thor's name?!" I hear someone shout. I look to where the

voice came from andâ€|

Well, the good news is that someone has finally come to the rescue of Hiccup the Useless. The bad news is that that someone is Stoick the Vast.

#### 4. I Feel a Sarcastic Response Coming On

I don't know what I'm more afraid of: the swarm of Terrible Terrors coming up behind me, or my dad swinging a hammer running towards me. He jumps the short fence like it's nothing and as soon as he reaches me he practically throws me on the ground and stands over me.

"You messed with the wrong Viking today, you pack of vermin!" He shouts at the dragons, and I feel a little less crazy for having talked to them before. I curl up in a ball (pathetic, I know, but I'm alive and telling this story, aren't I?) and I cover my head with my arms. I can hear my dad grunting like the tough Viking chief he is while he swings his hammer back and forth, knocking the little dragons away and taking out several with each swing. I can hear the squeals and shrieks from the dragons. They're hurt, they're dying, and it's my fault. It shouldn't make me feel bad. They're dragons and I'm a Viking. I'll be trained to kill them someday.

So why do the dying sounds of these Terrible Terrors who just tried to kill me make me feel soâ€|sorry?

It doesn't end soon enough, but it does eventually end. Whatever dragons survived have flown away and there's nothing but a really loud ringing in my ears. Then I feel my dad grab me by my shirt and start to practically drag me out of the lumberyard.

"Dad, I can explain! I canâ€|" Can I explain? "I made this flower and I was trying to get to-"

He's obviously not listening because he thrown me over the short fence and I land on my face. All the villagers who stuck around to watch the show are laughing at me. What's new there? I stand up as quickly as I can and watch him step over the fence staring me down with his infamous "you're grounded until Ragnarok" look.

I probably should just keep my mouth shut but again, you know me. Gluten for punishment.

"I was just trying to beat Snotlout to Astrid's house so I could-"

Of course he interrupts me. "Odin's beard, Hiccup, what were you doing in there?"

Really, Dad? "Well, if you had been listening, I was trying to tell you that I wanted to get to-"

"You could have been killed!"

"Again, I was trying to get to Astrid's house to-"

"How many times do I have to tell you to stay away from places like this? Is it THAT difficult for you to stay out of trouble? You never

listen, Hiccup!"

"Well I obviously come by it honestly, because I was trying to get to Astrid's house to give her the flower that--"

"That you spent all night on. You told me that this morning."

Well what do you know? He listened to me!

"Hiccup, do you really think she would be impressed if she had seen THAT?"

"Umâ€|" I feel a sarcastic response coming on and I know I shouldn't but I can't help it. It's a compulsion! "The flower or the whole getting chased and almost eaten by dragons thing?"

He sighs and makes his entire chest sink and I can tell he's losing his already small level of patience with me. "What do you think?"

"Iâ€|"

I actually can't answer that, I couldn't even if I wanted to, which I don't, because I can see Astrid's house from here. I can see Astrid. She's standing in her front doorwayâ€|with Snotlout. Great. That's just great. I worked an entire day for trader Johann, stayed up all night wrapping and sewing, got chased and almost killed by Terrible Terrors and for what? So I could lose everything I worked for, humiliate myself in front of the entire village, get yelled at by my dad, and Snotlout still beats me to Astrid!

Oh, but there's hope! Even from this distance I can recognize that look Astrid gets when she's about to swing an ax at something. I can see her lean inside for something andâ€|YES! I was hoping for this! She's got her ax now and Snotlout doesn't even give her a chance to swing it before he takes off running.

Despite the fact that I'm pretty sure my dad's still yelling at me, I smile. Snotlout didn't get the girl of my dreams after all. And even better is that I'm not the only one who got sent running for his life this morning.

## 5. Walking Along Kicking a Rock

Well, now that my dad's done yelling at me and the crowd's dispersed, I can't think of anything better to do than wander around sulking. I'll never get a date now! The flower's ruined and I just made a muttonhead out of myself in front of the entire villageâ€|again. Who am I kidding anyway? I'm always making a muttonhead out of myself. I could have made an entire bouquet of fake flowers for Astrid and it wouldn't have mattered. She would never say yes to anyone like me. Especially me.

Gobber gave me the entire day off, so I don't have to go to the forge today. Maybe I'll go explore the in the woods, take some more notes on dragon tracksâ€|and find more dragons to get attacked by. Yeah, not the best idea. At least today. Maybe I'll just go home and sit at my desk and sketch out some of my designs. I've been thinking about a new weapon. It's sort of a cross between a crossbow and a

catapult that can shoot a roper ten times farther than anyone could throw one. This one will defiantly be much better than my last invention. A hand-held flamethrower wasn't a bad idea really; it just had a few kinks to work out.

Besides, it's not like very many people actually miss those six or seven wheelbarrows.

I don't know. Focusing doesn't sound very probably right now. I think I'll just kick this rock I see at my feet.

Walking along. Kicking a rock. Whistling a made-up tune. Still kicking a rock. By the gods, my life is great, isn't it?

I do this for a few minutesâ€¦or longer. I don't know. Hey I know how to focus and apply myself, okay! You can't survive as a blacksmith's apprentice without having that ability. I can pay attention to things that are important to me, like work and my inventions and sometimes my dad's lectures. But sometimes when I either don't care or I have something else on my mind, it's like I'm in my own little world. A world where I finally achieve something great and stop being known as Hiccup the Useless. A world where-

And for the second time today, something bad has happened because I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. I just walked right into someone.

"Iâ€¦I'm so sorry. I wasn'tâ€¦"

Out of all the people I could have smacked into this morning, why did it have to be her?

There's Astrid Hofferson, ax in hand and a pair of gorgeously murderous blue eyes to go with it.

## 6. Why do People Play with their Hair

"Astrid! Hi, umâ€¦Astridâ€¦Astrid, Hi, Astrid." What am I doing?

"Do you ever look where you're going, Hiccup?"

"Sometimes," I answer honestly, though I realize after the fact that it was probably a rhetorical question. "Just not today."

"Obviously."

Now it's awkward, because we're both just staring at each other now and neither of us is moving. I feel so stupid! This is the chance I've been fighting for all day and I'm blowing it.

She speaks again before I can. "I heard about what happened in the lumberyard with your dad and the Terrible Terrors."

"Oh, yeah, that wasâ€¦" Great, I'm stuttering again. I brush my hand thru my hair and â€" why do people always play with their hair when they get nervous? It doesn't help. If anything it makes them look like an even bigger idiot. Anyway I want to say "that was nothing," but that would be pretty stupid even for me to say. So I sigh and let

my hand fall back down to my side. "That was one of the stupidest things I've ever done."

She nodded. "Yep." I'm not surprised that she thinks I'm an idiot. What I am surprised about is what she says next. "Are you okay?"

Did I hear that right? Does Astrid actually care? About me?

"Wait, What?" Did I seriously just ask that out loud?

"You don't look or listen do you? I asked if you're okay."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. All my limbs are in tact anyway, although I'm afraid I can't say the same for what's left of my dignity."

She laughs. It's just a low chuckle really, but from Astrid that's close enough. It's not a ridiculing laugh like the ones I usually get either. She's actually amused, and believe me when I say that does NOT happen very often.

"What were you even doing in there? Don't you know that flocks of Terrors can eat grown men limb from limb?"

That's the question isn't it? Should I tell her the truth? Should I tell her about the flower? I had good intentions. Shouldn't she know about the flower even if she doesn't get to have it?

"Well you see, I had this flower that I-"

"Ugh! Sweet baby Thor in a thunderstorm, not you, too!"

Is anyone going to let me finish an explanation today?

"I've already had every boy on Berk beating down my door this morning. First it was Fishlegs, Then Tuffnut, and don't even get me started on Snotlout! But of all the boys on Berk, Hiccup, you're the last one I thought would have the guts to-"

She stops, like she can't figure out what to say next. Maybe she expects me to say something, but for the first time in my life I can't find a single word, not even a wrong word.

Astrid sighs and shakes her head. "No. No, Hiccup, you're the first one I should have thought would have the guts."

What does she mean by that?

"Look, I don't hate anyone, Okay. Not even you." She stops to think for a second. "Well, maybe Snotlout. It's just that I don't want to date. I don't want a boyfriend. I need to concentrate on getting stronger so I can fight dragons someday. I have to fight to end this war so no one has to die the way my parents did. Both of them on THIS stupid pointless holiday!"

Wow. I never expected someone as tough and mean as Astrid to stand there and pour their heart out, especially to me. She's just standing there now staring at the ground. She looks so sad and vulnerable, not like Astrid at all. I guess we have something else in common besides dead parents. We both want to get stronger so we can fight dragons and we both, for different reasons, can't be with anyone.



This is breaking my heart.

"Bye, Hiccup. And don't you dare tell anyone we talked."

She walks past me on her way to Thor knows where and I'm left here wide eyed like a muttonhead statue. I'm too stunned to even turn to watch her leave. It's only after she's gone I find my voice again.

"Who would I tell?"

## 7. A Bony Little Thinking Person

I'm starting to wish Gobber hadn't given me the day off. There's nothing to do now but wander around the village some more. If I wasn't depressed before I ran into Astrid, I defiantly want to throw myself off Raven Point now.

I see all the young girls dancing around with their stinky flowers. They all look so happy. Why couldn't I have been able to make Astrid that happy? It's not fair that she's an orphan, and with today of all days being the anniversary of it! Poor Astrid. She's the only girl on Berk who's not allowed to be happy today.

Wait—no she's not. A few houses down there's a girl sitting in front of her house with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands looking like she's just been kicked.

Ruffnut Thorston.

I think I'll go talk to her. It's not like anything could make either of our days any worse. Once I'm in front of her house, I can tell she's looking off into the distance. I wonder what or who she's looking at.

"Hey, Ruff," I say as casually as I can. I'm surprised at how normal I sound.

"Hey, Hiccup." Wow. She must really be depressed. No "go away runt" or "what are you doing here fishbone" from her today.

"You look like you're having a worse day than I am and that would defiantly be saying something."

She nods. "I give up."

"On what?"

"Him."

I look in the direction she's been looking and now I see who she's been staring at this entire time.

"Snotlout?"

"He's been so busy making goo-goo eyes at Astrid, he doesn't even see me."

I never would have guessed that Ruffnut had a crush on Snotlout, but now that I think about it, it makes a lot of sense.

"You know," I say carefully, "We're both pretty depressedâ€¦neither of us have dates tonight, soooooâ€¦I was thinking maybe-"

"Wow. Thinking?" someone says behind me. I spin around to see who it is and my face is inches away from Tuffnut Thorston, Ruffnut's twin brother. He points his finger in my face. "Thinking is useless." He jabs me hard in the chest with his pointing finger and I stumble back a few steps. "I don't want some bony littleâ€¦thinking personâ€¦coming over and making my sister think!"

I raise my hands and step back some more. "Alright, alright. No thinking. I'll just be going now."

What was that I was saying about not being able to make either of our days any worse?

End  
file.